The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIII. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE ,17 1874. NO. 1

Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

Is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

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Business Cards,

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row. jy 5-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 23, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building. jan. 1, '70.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Baer's Block. aug. 12-1y.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 70-1y

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

SAMUEL GAITHER. PAUL H. GAITHER.
GAITHER & GAITHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Penn'a. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. dec4-72.

J. G. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity. mar12'73.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth block. Entrance from Diamond. jan 15.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House. nov. 8, '71.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House. jan. 21, '70.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Office in Mammoth Block. oct72

DENTISTRY.

Drs. Collins & Bills still continue the practice of Dentistry; are prepared to perform all operations in the best manner and at as low prices as the same kind of work can be done anywhere in the State. A full set of teeth for $8; a double set for $15. All operations warranted; and teeth extracted without pain. mn17

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The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.
Apr 17 72 JOHN HILL.

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This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 23, '71-1y.

PROFESSIONAL.
Dr. George B. Fundenberg, of Cumberland, Md., informs his friends that he has this day associated with himself in the practice of medicine and surgery, his son, Dr. Walter F. Fundenberg, late the resident surgeon of the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.
Special attention will be paid to the diseases of the Eye and Ear. mar4

JOHN WILSON & SON,
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297 Liberty Street,
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C. G. BASSETT,
Practical Draughtsman and Builder.
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Stair Building made a Specialty.
Patronage Solicited.
Somerset, Pa., May 28.

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DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jet5'72

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SEND FOR SAMPLE AT ONCE.
Big pay to Agents and to the Trade. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly returned. Sent pre-paid by mail to any address, on receipt of 30 cents, or 3 for $1 00.
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We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canadas, and in Foreign countries, Buy Gold, Coupons and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed. Money received on deposit payable on demand

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Thankful to our friends and customers for their past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and invite others who have business in our line to give us a trial, assuring all, that we shall at all times do all we can to give entire satisfaction.
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april 18-73.

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Imports direct from Manufacturers,
Superior English Oil Cloths,
BRUSSELS CARPETS, &c.,
RAG, HEMP and INGRAIN CARPETS
In every variety.
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Perfect Fitting
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Directions for self-measure sent on application. Perfect Fitting Shirts of every description, always in stock and warranted to fit.
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E. B. OWENS. L. C. SCOTT.
OWENS & SCOTT,
Butter Commission House,
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BALTIMORE.
sep24

WM. BOOSE & Co.,
FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,
SALISBURY, : : PENN'A.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
CASTINGS & MACHINERY
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address WM. BOOSE & CO.,
Salisbury, Elklick P. O. Somerset co., Pa.
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Ursina Lime Kilns.
The undersigned are prepared to furnish
Prime Building Lime
By the Car Load.
Orders Respectfully Solicited.
R. J. BATZER & CO.
Ursina. June18.

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This unrivaled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption. Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

This Great Unfailing SPECIFIC will not be found the Least Unpleasant.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Billious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.

Simmons' Liver Regulater, or Medicine,

Is the cheapest, Purest and best Family Medicine in the world.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.
Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.
For sale by Benford. & Kimmel, Somerset, Pa. july2

THE BEST PUMP
IN THE WORLD!
THE AMERICAN SUBMERGED
Double-Acting, Non-Freezing
FORCE PUMP!

The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use.
It is made all of Iron, and of a few simple parts.
It will not Freeze, as no water remains in the pipe when not in action.
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It furnishes the purest and coldest water, because it is placed in the bottom of the well.
TERMS—¾ inch Pump, $15; pipe, 50c. ⅌ foot.
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Larger sizes in proportion.
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Sole Agents for Somerset County.
Somerset, Pa., May 1st, 1872.

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PLANING MILL.
A. Growall & Son.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Planing and Manufacturing of building material,
FLOORING,
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In short anything generally used in house building. All orders promptly filled. mar26

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Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. Every good house should have a slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of
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for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. Call and see him or address him at No. 25 Bedford St., Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with John A. Walter, Agent, Somerset, Pa.
oct8 WM. H. SHIPLEY.

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Manufacturers of Seed and Havanna
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Orders Solicited. No authorized agent.

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
FINE CIGARS and the best brands of
Navy and Bright Tobaccos,
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FENCE PICKETS.

We furnish the Pickets made from 3-8 inch Round Iron, like design shown in cut, at
30cts PER LINEAL FOOT.
They make a HANDSOMER, MORE DURABLE and CHEAPER FENCE than the Wooden Pickets
SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO
Lewis, Oliver & Phillips,
Manufacturers of MERCHAANT BAR IRON GATE and BARN DOOR HINGES, BOLTS NUTS, WASHERS, and their New Line of PATENTED WAGON HARDWARE.
For sale by all Iron and Hardware Dealers.
91 & 92 Water Street and 114 and 116 First Ave. Pittsburg.
may20

AGENTS WANTED.
100 Agents wanted to sell 10 domestic articles which sell on sight in every family. Our agents are making from $5 to $10 per day, selling our goods. Send 25 cts. and postage stamp for sample and terms to agents. E. F. FITCH & CO., No. 24, 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
may20

ON ROUSSEAU'S ISLE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Alone and sad I sat me down
To rest on Rousseau's narrow isle.
Below Geneva. Mile on mile,
And set with many a shining town,
Tow'rd Dent du Midi danced the wave
Beneath the moon. Winds went and came,
And fanned the stars into a flame.
I heard the far lake, dark and deep,
Rise up and talk as in its sleep,
I heard the laughing waters lave
And lap against the farther shore,
An idle oar, and nothing more
Save that the Isle had voice, and save
That round about its base of stone
There plashed and flashed the foamy Rhone.

A stately man, as black as tan,
Kept up a stern and broken round
Among the strangers on the ground.
I named that awful African
A second Hannibal. I gat
My elbows on the table, sat
With chin in upturned palm to scan
His face, and contemplate the scene.
The moon rode by a crowned queen.
I was alone. Lo! not a man
To speak my mother-tounge. Ah me!
How more than all alone can be
A man in crowds! Across the Isle
My Hannibal strode on. The while
Diminished Rousseau sat his throne
Of books, unnoticed and unknown.

This strange, strong man with face austere
At last drew near. He bowed; he spake
In unknown tounges. I could but shake
My head. Then, half a-chill with fear,
I rose and sought another place.
Again I mused. The kings of thought
Came by, and on that storied spot
I lifted up a tearful face.

The star-set Alps they sang a tune
Unheard by any soul but mine.
Mount Blanc, as lone and as divine
And white, seemed mated to the moon.

The past was mine, strong voiced and vast;
Stern Calvin, strange Voltaire, and Tell,
And two whose names are known too well
To name, in grand procession passed.

And yet again came Hannibal,
King-like he came, and drawing near,
I saw his brow was now severe
And resolute. In tounges unknown
Again he spake. I was alone,
Was all unarmed, was worn and sad;
But now at last my spirit had
Its old assertion. I arose,
As startled from a dull repose.
With gathered strength I raised a hand,
And cried, 'I do not understand!'

His black face brightened as I spake;
He bowed; he wagged his woolly head:
He showed his shining teeth, and said,
'Sar, if you please, dose tables here
Are consecrate to lager beer;
And, Sar, what will you have to take?'

Not that I loved that colored cuss—
Nay, he had awed me all too much—
But I sprang forth, and with a clutch
I grasped his hand, and holding thus,
Cried, 'Bring my country's drink for two!'
For oh! that speech of Saxon sound
To me was as a fountain found
In wastes, and thrilled me through and through.

On Rousseau's Isle, in Rousseau's shade,
Two pink and spicy drinks were made;
In classic shade, on classic ground,
We stirred two cocktails round and round.

HOWSHE DID IT.

Peter Pennywise was in deep grief. All the hopes of a life-time were to be frustrated. The fond ambition he had so long nursed, his pet scheme to make the name of Pennywise the greatest in the land, was no more. His only son, Launcelot, was to be married, and married to a pebleian—to a girl who had wealth but no name, no family ancestry, or no coat-of-arms on the panel of her coach.

Could human misery be greater. Could the Ossa of grief piled on the Pelion of disappointment make a heavier load of sorrow? No. The cup of Pennywise was full to the brim and he must drain it to the lees, however bitter the draught. Such was the tenor of old Pennywise's musings as he paced the velvet carpeted floor of his library on the evening when our story opens. A conversation his son had with him as they sat together sipping their wine after dinner, had been the cause of this tumult in the breast of Peter Pennywise.

Launcelot was a weak eyed and pink-skinned youth, with thin yellow hair, which he parted in the centre, and a little wisp of saffron whisker on each side of his face, the pulling of which with his nirvous little hand constituated the principal employment of the scion of the house of Pennywise.

"Father," said Launcelot, after gulping down two or three glasses of wine to give him courage. "Father."

"Well, my son, what do you want?" asked the pompous head of the house

"What do you think of marriage?"

"What do I think of what?" questioned the surprised Pennywise.

"Marriage," replied Launcelot. "Matrimony, you know. Two hearts with but single thought, two souls that beat as one, and all that".

"I think that every man should marry, and I would be glad to hear that you had fixed your affections on some lady with the proper qualifications," said Pennywise.

"What are the proper qualifications?" inquired Launcelot.

"Family," replied his father, "family—whatever else you do, be sure never to disgrace the name of Pennywise by a plebeian connection."

"Why is our family such a very great one?" demanded the young man.

"A great one!" echoed Pennywise; "why, it's the greatest in the land. Study carefully the genealogical tree that hangs in the hall, which cost me five thousand to have properly traced and you will see that the name of Pennywise was as well known as that of William at the time of the Norman conquest, and that the coat-of-arms is one of the most respectable and ancient that ever heraldry boasted of."

"Well, of course that's all true, father; but I've heard some of the fellows at the club say that grandfather was a pawn——."

"Your grandfather was a broker and banker as I myself am, and was fully aware of the responsibility of being worthy of his family," said Mr. Pennywise, interupting his son; "therefore he began my education by impressing the value of a family name upon my young mind, and so, when I had grown older, and he intimated to me that I ought to marry the highest respectable Miss Poundfoolish, I went to that lady, proposed, and was accepted. Thus I consolidated the two great families of Pennywise and Poundfoolish, and you and your two sisters are the result. But you asked my opinion of matrimony are you thinking of marrying?"

"Ye es sir," gasped Launcelot.

"And whom do you propose honoring with your name?"

"Miss—a Miss Petersham," answered youthful Pennywise.

"Petersham—Petersham; I never heard of a Petersham. Who is she?" demanded the gentleman, with a darkening brow.

"She is very rich."

And Launce faltered.

"Riches are very well, but you do not need them. Your mother left you all her fortune, and I shall leave you half of mine if you marry as I wish. "Who is this—this Petersham? What does her father do?"

"He keeps a large clothing establishment."

"What!" roared Pennywise. "A tailor? It shall not be. The arms of Pennywise shall never be marred with a needle or disfigured by—great heaven—a goose! It shall never be—never—never!"

"It must be!" said Launcelot, going to the door, "cause I've 'popped,' and she's accepted me."

The old man mechanically arose and walked to his study, where he began pacing the floor, as we found him at the commencement of our story.

A gentle knock on the library door aroused Mr. Pennywise, and bidding the knocker to come in, he seated himself in his easy chair, and prepared to receive his visitors.

The visitors proved to be the governess of the two Misses Pennywise—aged twelve and the other fourteen whose disorderly conduct and willful destruction of wardrobe and text books occasioned many a visit to the library, after the dinner-hour, by the governess.

She was a neat, pretty little body this governess, and had often attracted the notice of the young bloods who came to visit Launcelot, but she paid not the slightest attention either to their compliments or glances, attending quietly to her pupils, and seeming wholy wrapped in their charge. In fact Charlie Gushington who was falling in love with every girl he met, once observed of her to Launcelot.

"Launce, that governess gal!—what's her name?—Amy Dorr?—ain't got any heart. The only thing she could love would be more pupils, or plenty of money."

"Good evening, Miss Dorr," said Pennywise, when Amy had entered the library. "What can I do for you this evening?"

"Excuse me sir," said Amy, hesitatingly. "I wish to see you about my pupils, but I can see you are grieved and agitated, and as I fancy I know the cause of your agitation, I will not annoy you with my common-place complaints."

"You know the cause?" gasped Pennywise.

"Yes sir; I have no wish to intrude my opinions or my knowledge, but the cause of your grief is, I imagine of your son, and I think he is acting most foolishly."

"You are right, Miss Dorr," asserted the old gentleman——"you are right. He is acting most foolishly—most foolishly."

"Cannot you prevent it?" asked the governess.

"No; I am powerless—powerless. He will wed the tailor's daughter, and disgrace the great, the aristocratic name of Pennywise."

There was a smile playing around the corners of Miss Dorr's mouth, and a satirical twinkle in her eye, as Mr. Pennywise spoke of his aristocratic name.

"Can you not threaten to disinherit him?" she asked.

"No use—no use," groaned the disconsolate Pennywise; "he has half a million left to him by his mother."

"A half a million!" cried Amy, and the smile and twinkle faded away leaving her face stern and calculating looking.

"Mr. Pennywise, this marriage would be scandalous. Listen; I know Miss Petersham very well, in fact she considers me her intimate friend—"

"My son's wife the intimate friend of a governess," signed Pennywise regardless of the feelings of the girl before him.

"Yes," replied Amy, not heeding the insult; "but she is only a tailor's daughter."

"Alas! alas! too true, too true" said the unfortunate Pennywise.

"Mr. Pennywise," continued Amy "you are rich, very rich, and I am poor very poor. You regard this marriage as a disgrace to your family. I think I can prevent it. What will you give me if I do?"

"My dear Miss Dorr," cried old Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "if you can prevent my son from marrying that tailor's daughter I will bestow upon you ten thousand dollars."

"Tis a bargain," said the govrness "Please write a little agreement to this effect: That as soon as I give you proof that Misss Petersham is married to some one else than your son you will pay me the sum often thousand dollars."

"Married to some one else than me son!' said Pennywise, as he was writing the agreement.

"Yes," ansmered Amy, "that is my I will make her mary a young man I have in my mind now."

"But my son will not permit it; he is fascinated by this tailor's daughter."

"I will see that he permits it," the governess said, ta king the agreement Mr. Pennywise had drawn up and signed. "My duty is to prevent the marriage of Miss Petersham."

"Yes," said the old man, "do that and I will bless you;" and the interview ended.

For the week immediately following the evening the forgoing conversation took place, Miss Amy, very much to their delight, absented herself entirely from her pupils; and she might have been seen any afternoon walking arm in arm with the lovely Miss Petersham.

During the walks, somehow, Mr. Charley Gushington invariably met the two ladies and joined them in their walk—nor did he seem to regard the meetings as at all unexpected. The fact was that the wily Governess had introdacee Mr. Gushington to Miss Petersham, and was, unknown to them fanning the flame that they declared was consuming both their young hearts.

* * * *

Three weeks had passed since the night Miss Amy had agreed to prevent the marriage of young Pennywise with Miss Petersham, when one morning the governess presented herself to the clerks in the office of Mr. Pennywise, and asked to see that gentleman. She was ushered into a private office where she found the aristocratic Pennywise very much surprised at his visitor.

"To what good fortune am I indebted for this visit?" he asked, wheeling around from his desk.

"To the best of fortune," answered the governess. "Please read this advertisement that I am going to insert in to-morrow morning's papers," and she handed him a slip of paper on which he read the following:

GUSHINGTON — PETERSHAM. — On the 17th inst., at Grace Church by the Rev. Jeremiah Waller, D. D., S. T. D., Mr. Cash. Gushington to Emeline, eldest daughter of Jacob Petersham. Esq., all of this city. No cards."

"My dear Miss Dorr," said Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "you have saved the family–you have done wonders—I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never pay."

"Well, here is a debt you owe me you can pay," said Amy, producing the agreement. "I will thank you for ten thousand dollars in greenbacks. I don't want a check, I want the money."

"My dear Miss Dorr," said the banker, "if it took my last dollar I would not repudiate your claim."

And, drawing a check for the amount, he called a messenger, and bade him go to the bank and get ten thousand dollar notes. After the messenger had departed on his errand Pennywise turned to the governess, and said:

"How did my son bare the news that Miss Petersham was false to him? Thank Heaven, my family will not be disgraced."

When he first discovered that Miss P. was receiving attentions from Mr. Gushington, he threatened to commit suicide; but I finally induced him to listen to reason, and he attended the ceremony last night."

"But how did you effect this alteration in him? You are a witch; or I should say a good fairy. How did you do it?"

"Will the boy be long at the bank?" asked the governess.

"No he is here now. I see you want your money before you give your information; quite right. Well there it is," and he handed her the money.

Miss Amy walked to the other end of the room and placed the money safely in her bosom. Then turning to Mr. Pennywise she said:

"Mr. Pennywise you asked me how I obtained your sons consent to the marriage between Mr. Gushington and Miss Petersham."

"And saved my son from an alliance to a woman socially beneath him," interrupted Mr. Pennywise. "You marvel among women, will you tell me?"

"I will."

"How did you do it?"

"I married him myself. Good morning, sir."

A Peculiar Fish.

The Fish of Paradise is one of the most peculiar of Chinese fresh water fish. It is small in size, a pale gray in color, and, at first sight having but little about it to attract attention. As soon as the animal becomes excited however the long and forked-shaped tail spreads into a kind of fan and the stripes upon the sides of the fish become yellow, red and and blue, constantly changing in color. The scales seem to become opalescent and reflect the light with the greatest brilliancy, while the eyes appear illuminated with a bluish green fire. The habits of the animal are as odd as its appearance. The males take charge of the young and build the nest. The latter is simply a clod of foam floating upon the water, and is made by the fish rising to the surface and alternately absorbing and expelling air, until a little cluster of bubbles, hardly three-tenths of an inch sqaare, is formed. The female then deposits her eggs, which are at once seized upon by the male, who carries them in his mouth to the nest. Then he watches their incubation carefully guarding them with wonderful sagacity evenly throughout the mass of foam. When they clot together he pushes them apart with his nose, and, besides keeps up a continual manufacture of bubbles until the eggs are lifted up above the water and rest only upon their soft couch. As soon as the embryos appear, his care is doubled. He watches that none escape; and in case some become separated he chases them, catches them in his mouth, and replaces them carefully in the nest. If one becomes injured, he removes it from the others, gives it a separate bubble by itself, and apparently nurses it until it regains its strength.

An Ingenious Punning Item.

Puns well stuck to, are sometimes as good as wit. Lady Barker, whose name is not unknown in literature has been appointed manager of the National School of Cookery in London, whereupon the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks. "Her thoughts in the kitchen range perpetually, we should imagine, over a wide, various and fruitful field. While her pupils are busily engaged around her, the mid-day dripping reminds her of the midnight oil, and she pauses to recall the verses of Eliza Cook or the labors of Mrs. Fry, or the poems of Mr. Browning, perchance. Then, too, the very grate will suggest Hobbs, the saucepan Handel, the salamander Burns, the scollops Shelly, the frying-pan the inductive philosophy of Bacon, and the stew-pan the physical experiments of Boyle. What more natural than to dwell on the sad fate of Sir Cloudesly Shovel or the successful expedition of Sir Samuel Baker; the delightful humor of Charles Lamb or the pacific policy of Mr. Pease; the 'Euclid' of Potts, the worship of Pan, or Mr. Rupert Kettle's attempts at arbitration; Mr. Grevy's Presidency of the French Assembly or the present embroilment of the Duc de Broglie; Mr. Fowle's Broad Church views or Mr. Partridge's democratic theories; Mr. Spring Rice's speeches in the House of Commons or Sir Frederick Currie's operations in India?"

Regularity.

Very few persons understand how greatly health and happiness in this world depend upon the regularity of daily habits—the constant recurrence of those events which we are apt to refer to as tiresome and monotonous. During the early and later periods of life this "even tenor" is essential to our well-being; and though we may feel like kicking the traces when at the summit of power and activity, and sometimes fly off at tangents, or get rid of our superfluous energies in odd and eccentric ways, yet we usually come back, or at least try to come back, to our moorings, and gladly accept the treadmill path of daily duty, which, if it brings no ecstatic pleasures, leaves no remorse.

To infancy, absolute regularity in habits of food, sleep, clothing and cleanliness cure many ills and lay the foundation of a useful and honored life. This is the task of the intelligent mother, and to no person less competent should it be delegated. Feed a child with healthful food, cooked in precisely the same way, at exactly recurring intervals; put it to sleep with faithful minuteness in regard to time; have its clothes uniformly protective and comforable, not too cool, and not exhaustive from warmth; give it fresh air, either in well-ventilated rooms or out-doors every day; bathe it at night in tepid, in the morning in cold water, and the child will grow thriving and healhty and happy.

But there must be no cessation by even so much as the failure to scald a cup or a saucepan in the routine; there must be no careless use sometimes of warm, sometimes of cold water, or, again, the omission of the bath altogether. The food must be prepared in the same way, with the same nicety of proportion, or evil results will, as they do, most surely follow. Only faithful intelligence can work itself out by such exact processes, though we all enjoy more than we think, being subjected to them.

Everyone can understand how disagreeable it would be not to be able to make sure of one's dinner; to be deprived of bed and sleep; to lose the enjoyment of abundance of good water, a daily bathe and a daily paper; but upon the recurrence of how many more and much smaller *minutia* do we depend for our daily comfort? We like certain kinds of bread at every meal, we want meat always cooked in certain favorite ways, and we expect to find it as naturally as we expect the sun to shine. We get used to seeing certain things in certain places, and we would not miss them upon any account. A tree, a bush, a picture or a chair which occupies the same place for years acquires a value to our consciousness which only the habit of seeing it can give it. The world seems very large in growth and full of many and varied interests, but it contracts as we grow older and the objects of value to us narrow themselves down to those which we know to be real and which form our lives. Naturally, as these grow fewer in number they grow dearer, and the more we dislike to miss them from sight and sense. No lives are so happy as those that are so well ordered that there is little to resign, and to which, therefore, every year brings added interest and added enjoyment in the regular discharge of individual and social duty.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic.*

The Matter with the old Man.

A young man of Canton, Penn., accompanied his fair Flora home one evening recently, and lest they should waken the "old folks" she took him into the kitchen. Time went and the fire went out, and for fear his adored might take her death o' cold he built a fire with the kindlings the old man had carefully prepared and laid on the hearth for the morning. After this had burned low he took his departure. Next morning ere the shrill note of the chanticleer had died away a solitary and shivering individual in scanty drapery with teeth chattering might have been seen groping his way to the kitchen stove after viewing two chairs that sat in the middle of the room, struck a match and mechanically reached for his kindling.

It wasn't there, he felt on the stove, under the stove, and finally opened the stove door and a few embers that flickered a moment and then expired told him the story. He sat down on the wood box to meditate; picturesquely he rose again as the thermometor noted 6 below zero, and he was not suitably attired for meditating in a sitting posture. Then he began to quote and the more his wife interrogated him as to the cause of his prolonged absence, the more he quoted. Finally he locomoted toward the wood shed found a candle box which he demolished with much vehemence and ere long in that kitchen was a roaring fire, and now the old man wants to see Flora's "feller." He wishes to converse with him.

Scene in a Detroit Police Court.

"David Bell, standing here in the prime of life, with a red nose and a wilted collar, you are charged with vagrancy," remarked his Honor.

"Vagrancy, eh!"

"Yes, sir, that's the charge, written in letters an inch high, and yet you are young, have a constitution like boarding house butter, a foot as large as a candle box, and for some reason decline to earn your own bread and butter."

"I do, eh?"

"Yes, sir, you do. You have been wandering about the alleys, sleeping on the wharves, and standing on the corners, while even the cripples have labored for honest bread."

"They have, eh?"

"Yes, sir, they have, and you ought to feel ashamed of yourself, and go and drown yourself, sir. But you won't do it, and I'll send you to the Work House for four months."

"You will, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I will. Take him to the Black Maria, Bijah, and if you can get an eight ounce tack under him, the ride will do him much more good."

A man hangs himself and "no cause" is assigned, when every one must know the rope was the cause.

On the Edge of Death.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 1.—About 11:30 o'clock this morning a painter named Wm. McCullough, who was at work on the Second Sister Island Bridge, above Niagara Falls, by some mischance fell into the raging current beneath. The water at this point rushes and surges along toward the cataract, three-quarters of a mile below, with irresistable force. All along the stream, down the brink of the American fall, the bed of the river is thickly studded with huge boulders, around and over which the current seethes and boils as if in fury at the obstructions. It was down this frightful channel that the unfortunate man was swept with the velocity of a whirlwind. His doom appeared to be sealed, for nothing short of a miracle could rescue him from the clutches of the angry waters, and the fearful plunge over the falls below.

It seemed as though he must have drowned long before reaching the cataract, but he did not. Neither did he go over the falls. In a short time after falling from the bridge, he was seen standing erect upon a rock that lifts itself above the water in the rapids.

Here be appeared to be as far from human aid as before, for it was almost certain death to go to his rescue.—But a hero was found equal to the emergency, and, amid the wildest excitement among the throng who now lined the shore, preparations for his rescue were made.

A rope was securely fastened to the bank some distance above, and Thomas Conway, who had volunteered for the hazardous undertaking, succeeded in reaching the place where McCullough was standing.—By means of the rope both men were safely hauled ashore.

Strange as it may be, McCullough was not injured in the least, and will probably be about to-morrow, none the worse for his perilous bath.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., June 1.—This village was the scene of a terrible excitement this morning in consequence of a painter named McCullough, who was employed in painting the bridge leading from Goat Island to the Three Sisters, having fallen from the bridge into the rapids below. He drifted with the current to a point within forty feet of the falls, where he found anchorage in the middle of the stream that separates the islands by coming in contact with a rock, to which he clung. In a few moments the news of the accident spread like wildfire through the village, and an immense crowd of spectators gathered to look at the unfortunate man's perilous situation, from which it seemed impossible to rescue him. McCullough had given up all hopes of being aided; his arms and body were fast becoming benumbed and losing their hold on the slippery rock, when a shout went up from the spectators which told him that aid was nigh. In that vast crowd which had assembled on the islands and bridges, there was but one man who was willing to risk his own life in trying to snatch a fellow-creature from out the jaws of death. Tom Conway, a guide at the Cave of Winds, jumped into the rapids, and, holding in his left hand the end of a rope and swimming down the current he reached McCullough in safety.—He immediately tied the rope around himself and the nearly exhausted man, and they were both safely landed ashore in a few moments.—McCullough was badly bruised about the head and body. A purse was immediately taken up for Conway, who is to-night the hero of the hour.

How Often to Feed.

A writer in the *New England Homestead* takes ground against feeding cattle in winter more than twice a day. He advises "giving the poorest fodder first, interlading with grain—if we feed grain—and a refreshing ration of roots, topping off with the best hay before watering. After watering, give nothing for five or six hours. It is an ancient practice, and quite in accordance with the nature of neat cattle. They will pull in hay like a cutter, almost, and swallow it with less grinding, just stow it away for the time being, to raise and chew upon and get the good of by and by—every particle of it—if not interrupted by another feeding. It will not do to say that a cow is used to eating all the time in summer. She takes her intervals for chewing the cud while in pasture; the best milkers, as I have observed, doing that most regularly. In winter it is somewhat different. A cow will gather loose hay enough in forty minutes to keep her ruminating for six hours. Indeed, if you go softly to your stables before feeding in the morning, you will find your most thriving animals still grinding at the remnants of the last night's foddering—extracting the last mite of nutriment from the woody fibre."

From personal experiment we have found that sheep as well as cattle do as well when fed but twice a day. The same physiological arrangement of the digestive organs would indicate that a similar course should be pursued in feeding both cattle and sheep.

A Bad joke.

An individual aged about thirty years, whose name it is not worth while to mention, mistook a lady on School street for an acquaintance of his, and followed her into a hotel, a Boston paper says. Not succeeding in attracting her attention, and espying a pockethandkerchief protruding from her pocket, he approached her carelessly and drew the fabric from her pocket and passed out of the parlor. This was observed by the lady and a gentleman in her company, and the joker, not being recognized by the lady, was regarded as a pickpocket, and then and there detained until an officer was brought in. The joker told his story and looked cheap; was taken to the Second station, where he told his story and looked cheaper. The handkerchief was restored, and as no one cared to prosecute the joker went home.

It was in Troy and he only had an innocent flirtation with her, but her husband killed him as an example.

A Model Dedication.

[Max Adeler's new book, "Out of the Hurly Burly," contains the following dedication.]

My original intention was to dedicate this book to the friend of my boyhood, Azin bin Ghes, the Imaum of Muscat, the memory of the happy days when together we played marbles in the Oman desert, and ducked each other in the Persian Gulf, and tortured inoffensive cats on the Island of Kishm. But I have changed my mind; I have resolved to dedicate this book to a humorist who has had too little fame, to the most delicious because the most unconscious humorists, to that widely scattered and multitudinous comedian who may be expressed in the concrete as the Intelligent Compositor. To his faculty of perpetrating felicitious absurdities I am indebted for "laughter that is worth a hundred groans." It was he who, putting into type an article of mine which contained the injunction, "Do not cast your pearl before swine," transformed the phrase into "Do not cart your pills before sunrise." It was he who caused me to quote the poet's inquiry, so that I propounded to the world the appalling conundrum, "where are the dead, the varnished dead?" and it was his glorious tendency to make the sublime convulsively ridiculous that rejected a line in a poem of mine, which declared that a "comet swept o'er the heavens with its trailing skirts," and substituted the idea that a "Count slept in a haymow in a travelling skirt." The kind of talent that is there displayed deserves profound reverence. It is wonderful and awful, and thus I offer it a token of my marvelling respect.

A Grammatical Error.

Highlanders have the habit, when talking the English language, such as it is, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required, such as "the king he has come," instead of "the king has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence or an expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel will show. A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. Mr.— (let his locality be a secret,) and recently he began to discourse thus: "My friends, you will find the subject of the discourse this afternoon in the First Epistle general of the Apostle Peter fifth chapter and eighth verse, in the words, 'The devil he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads. Firstly, we shall inquire into his geographical position, namely, "Where the devil he was." Secondly, where the devil he was going." Thirdly—and this is of a personal character—"Who the devil he was seeking." And fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved yet, "What the devil he was roaring about."

A Retort Anatomical.

Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated London surgeon, was, towards the latter part of his career, as gruff and bearish as he was eccentric, and many are the anecdotes related of his quaint sayings and doings. He met his match, however, in a student at the College of Surgeons upon a certain examination day. And we may say, in passing, that said student has since been one of the most eminent and successful practitioners in his profession.

"Suppose," said Arbernethy, in his crisp, abrupt way, to the student, "a man should be blown up by an explosion of gunpowder, what would you do?"

The question was certainly ridiculous as it was indefinite, and the tyro coolly answered:

"I should wait, sir, until he came down again."

"And now, sir," demanded Abernethy, irately, "suppose I kick you for an impetuent dog, what muscles should I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my right arm," replied the student promptly, "for I should knock you down directly."

The young man passed, and the name of John Abernethy was signed to the certificate of his anatomical and surgical proficiency.

Knee Sprung.

I have a six-year old horse that has had a tendency to go over on his knees for the past two years. At times he is perfectly square, even when driven hard and constantly; and then again he will appear weak, and tremble on them when doing very little work. This horse is quite a trotter, and I am anxious to cure him, if possible. Would it be of benefit to blister his knees, and give him a run for two or three months?

The tendency to "go over on the knees," almost invariably originates in congenital weakness, and is irremediable. Blistering, and a run during two or three months, generally bring about a marked improvement, but no sooner is the horse put to ordinary work than the deformity returns as bad as ever.

Ham Cake.

A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; boil a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mould and bake a rich brown.

THEY tell a queer story about the doctors in a certain Texas town, who were all away last summer to attend a medical convention. They were absent about two months, and on their return found all their patients had recovered, the drug stores had closed, the nurses had opened dancing schools, the cemetery had been cut up into building lots, the undertakers had gone to making fiddles, and the hearse had been painted and sold as a circus wagon.

A bookbinder had a book brought him to be rebound. After the job was finished, he made the following entry in his day book: "To repairing the 'Way to Heaven,' twenty-five cents.

"I see thr'ough it," as the washer woman said when the bottom of the tub fell out.

"Say, Sambo, did you ebber see de Catskill Mountains?" "No. I nebber did; but I have seen dem kill de mice"

"If a miss is as good as a mile, how good is a Mrs?" If she is a widow, she will be good for a league under any circumstances.

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